LITERARY NEWS, VIEWS AND CRITICISM

NEW BOOKS.

The Making of a Socialist.

James Bryce's book "The Story of a Ploughboy" (John Lane Company) seems to be autobiographical; the chief character is made to tell the story, and his name is also James Bryce. Many pages go to show that Jamie had a cruelly hard time in his boyhood; the terrible Simon Legree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a mild mannered man in comparison with Pate Mackinlay, head ploughman and special tormentor of Jamie in this tale. Pate beat Jamie with such giant power, such harsh implements and so frequently that nothing but very extraordinary powers of resistance and renewal in hide and bone could have saved the boy; and Pate's language matched the work of his hand.

The story is full of strong detail—detail that will incline no reader to wish that he might be a laborer on a Scotch farm. Mr. Markham, the socialist poet, says in an introduction that "not the darker depths of a great city are more terrible in their yield of misery and penury than are these Scottish country scenes." The scenes are very dark indeed; inky, and with not a little of a distinctly sulphurous quality. Powerful and friendly hands saved Jamie. He was set to work at books and figures and at overseeing. He rose to be a factor on a prosperous estate. But he was assailed by disturbing questions from within. How did these lairds get their land? What was a factor but a toady employed to do his master's dirty work, to perform for his master the unpleasant act of grinding the faces of the poor? The story touches such matters as the reform of the social structure, Carlyle and wages, landlords and tenants, the sin of owning land, the ruthless domination of the rich. Jamie threw over his factor's job and returned to the ranks of the laborers. He picked strawberries, a racking occupation. He became a socialist and spoke on the street corners.

At the last he rented a little orchard and raised fruits and vegetables. He was happy, but it was thought necessary to turn him out because he sheltered tramps. Here the story ends abruptly, leaving the reader to vague and saddening conclusions. For encouragement he should turn to the introduction. "The ancient ice pack is breaking," Mr. Markham says. "The genial currents of the heart are beginning to touch the frozen shores of selfishness." He adds, after an approving reference to the unflinching realism of Hamlin Garland's "Main-Traveled Roads" and Querido's "Toil of Men"—works that convey adequately a "sense of the deprivations and desperations of the men at the bottom of the human pyramid" that the way of deliverance is in "a pressing forward" and in a determination "to make foundations on the earth for that holy city of fraternity revealed in the Apocalyptic vision of St John." It will be remembered that the new Jerusalem of Revelations was built of gold on foundations of precious stones, jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, topaz and seven more, and that its twelve gates were pearls. The description makes one think of plutocrats, but doubtless all mankind has a leaning to such materials. "Was für Plunder!" Blücher is said to have observed on seeing London.

A Danger of the South.

Daniel Norton, the young North Carolina editor in Mr. Thomas Dixon's story of "The Sins of the Father" (D. Appleton and Company), was a man of serious purpose, not much given to trifling. He had risen to be a Major in the Confederate army (we are sure that he deserved to be a Major-General), and after the war it was his business to see that his State should not lie prostrate and poisoned and throttled under the unspeakable infamy and ridiculous misarrangement of negro domination. To this end he wrote fiery and scathing editorials with black heads (a color permissible in typographical art) and rode forth at night (the night also may properly be black in the absence of moon and stars) in a white and scarlet robe and a spiked helmet with a cloth mask hanging to the shoulders; also he had revolvers buckled handily upon the person.

It is recorded in the song that "along came Nancy Bell so fair." The Cleo of this story was not exactly fair; she was a quadroon, but her eyes were green and her hair ruddy and she was more dangerous than all the scalawags and carpet-baggers. Little good it was to Dan Norton that on desperate occasions his "strong jaw closed with a snap," just like Col Roosevelt's. Doubtless it often means much for a strong jaw to close in that audible manner, but Cleo with her only faintly black and very strongly red and green coloring was irresistible. She was a liar notwithstanding her good looks. The beautiful girl Helen was not really her daughter, and there was no reason at all why Helen should not marry the Major's son Tom, a fine young fellow who had been brought up to fear and shun the colored race. It was the misunderstanding in the case that led the Colonel to shoot Tom and to shoot himself. Happily the bullet that hit Tom did not kill him. He was spared to Helen. He was always very cautious in one particular. "The thing which marks the Norton home with peculiar distinction," the final paragraph of the story says, "is that since the night of his father's death Tom has never allowed a negro to cross the threshold or enter its gates." Let us trust that he was secure.

Who's Who in America.

The coming of a new edition of a valuable book of reference, a daily implement in constant use in every library and newspaper office, "Who's Who in America. Vol. VII. 1912-1913," edited by Albert Nelson Marquis (A. N. Marquis and Company, Chicago) is heartily welcome. The book has been not merely enlarged but steadily improved in each successive edition; excellent judgment has been shown in the selection of the classes of men and the names included, and even better judgment in those that have been kept out. As it stands now the list is practically a roll of merit in almost every line of activity, in which the only modification of the editor's judgment is made by the public's bestowal of office on persons who may or may not be worthy of fame.

To this new edition nearly 3,000 brief biographies have been added, the old ones have been brought up to date and 1,680 have been eliminated on account of death or other causes. The timeliness of the publication is indicated by the inclusion in the additional list of deaths of nine names brought into it by the loss of the Titanic on April 15. The number of biographies in the 2,600 pages is now 18,704, which is 10,192 more than the first edition contained, while the cross references to former volumes of the series brings the number up to nearly 27,000. In the wide range of the classes included and in the practical importance of the facts given, regarding the subjects of the biographies the American "Who's Who" has far outstripped its British prototype and the even less satisfactory continental imitations.

The usual interesting statistical summaries precede the biographies and the list according to geographical distribution is retained. The editor calls for suggestions by which the book may be improved; perhaps he will consider the advisability of annual publication and the convenience of a stronger binding for a book that must stand much usage.

The Statesman's Year Book.

That standard reference book "The Statesman's Year Book," edited by Dr. J. Scott Keltie (Macmillans), has attained its forty-ninth year. The issue for 1912 differs in no respect from its predecessors except that it appears a trifle earlier than usual. As has been the case of recent years, the information relating to the United States is put immediately after that covering the British Empire, and the amount is more liberal than what is vouchsafed to other countries. Everything is brought up to date, so that the book retains its almost official value. The maps are numerous; they include changes in India and maps illustrative of the various complications in Africa.

The Triumph of the Ideal.

An extremely well written, closely reasoned and original story has been written by Emma Brooke in "The House of Robershaye" (Duffield and Company), which will interest the reader if he can put up with a certain amount of description of machinery, some discussion of industrial conditions and a touch of the supernatural. The two men in the story are interesting contrasts; one a dreamer and theorist with brains, the other a practical business man; they are opposed to each other by the conditions of a peculiar will, and the conflict between them is exciting. The arguments for reform in mill management are put fairly.

The heroine is very attractive. Her amazing susceptibility, however, causes mischief, such that the supernatural agencies brought in to remedy the harm done can hardly alleviate satisfactorily. The punishment wreaked on the evildoer is ingenious and long drawn out. The descriptions are pretty, the dramatic situations are effective; the reader will regret that the author has a moral purpose and does not restrict herself to telling a story.

A Determined Woman.

In her favorite setting, a delightful little college town in which Episcopalians predominate, where everybody knows everybody else but the distinction between the college families and the townspeople is sharply drawn, Mrs. Mary Tappan Wright in "The Charioteers" (Appletons) places a woman's rebellion against her surroundings and her fight against the prejudices and conventions of society. Mrs. Wright is one of the few American writers of fiction who use good English without deviating into affectations or preciosity or corruscating with brilliant epigrams. There are plenty of bright things in her book, but they fit in naturally with the situation or the people who are talking. The story turns on one person; it is an honest and closely reasoned study of a type, or perhaps a side, of woman that has always existed, though it has shown itself in strange forms in late years and has therefore attracted more notice. She is surrounded by many pleasant, amusing or interesting people, who are merely outlined, but whom the reader will be glad to meet.

The heroine is a woman in the thirties who has drifted on in the usual family life, as so often happens, without adding to the experience or knowledge of the world that a young girl has. She feels the need of expressing her self, of striving for something higher and different; she is discontented with her surroundings, as we all are at some time or other; she chafes at her own people, at their humdrum respectability, the dulness of their conversation, their oppressive, commonplace morality and social conventions, their repression of her individuality, just as other dissatisfied women, placed in different circumstances, grow weary of a rarefied intellectual or æsthetic atmosphere and yearn for the prosaic realities of life. There is no indication of sexual or of artistic temperament in her, it is a puritanically uncompromising, energetic character that craves for that form of self-sacrifice, in which self, with its own standards, is considered more than the wants or the comprehension of those for whom the sacrifice is made. Her outlet might have been settlement work or temperance or the diffusion of a new creed or a fight for the right to vote; instead she resolves to give herself up entirely to a man. We must infer that she has imbued the prevalent lax ideas concerning the marriage relation.

We imagine she believes herself to be in love, but that portion is only indicated by the author. The lover is a college professor encumbered with a wholly disreputable wife, the mother of his children, from whom he is separated though he cannot obtain a divorce. His charm and his power of fascinating women only appear at the end; he has the artistic temperament, is easy going, ready to dodge difficulties and to drift. A very common type of male flirt, ready to accept the pleasure but not the responsibilities and anxious above all to preserve appearances. She is determined on a union of souls; she wishes to drive her chariot not merely through the laws, but through the Ten Commandments. There must be no compromise and no concealment, she is not ashamed and he must not be. The lover fights for a while against her logic, but he has put himself deliberately in the way of temptation and the accidental circumstances that bring them together. From the beginning of the world men have pardoned and admired a great passion, however unlawful, but here is no story of an absorbing love, but a contest between the will to proclaim the love and the pitiable expedients to keep it hidden. As these continue the woman's esteem for the man and her love diminish; by the time he has obtained an illegal divorce and married her before a justice of the peace it is dead, and for the remainder of their life in common she simply bears her burden as any legitimate wife might. The reader, and the woman herself, then see that she never really loved him.

The relations between the two, however, are a secondary matter; the author might easily have made the man the equal of the woman, or might have complicated the matter by giving her children. The main point of the story is that the heroine's conscience demands that they shall live out their lives in the community to which they belong. She belongs to him and there must be no concealment. Through it all, as her friends say of her, she is a good woman. It is difficult to conceive of any place in America or Great Britain, all the same, where a man and woman would be allowed to live, to speak plainly, in avowed and open adultery, or that any woman, however wrongheaded, should insist on it. Matters are not improved by the false divorce and civil marriage, for the people are all Episcopalians and orthodox in their views on that subject. She lives on there, nevertheless, never yielding, earning her livelihood by her pen, at first almost alone, then gradually drawing her friends and family to her again. Yet though her life is irreproachable, it remains clear that the forgiveness is extended to her personally, that people understand her, but that they neither accept nor palliate her action.

We have endeavored to analyze Mrs. Wright's heroine. At the close when her work is done she is tempted to draw to herself a younger man's love, but she has learned her lesson and abstains. Yet she remains something of an abstraction to the end. There are plenty of entertaining and human people in the story—the shrewd, rather cynical old mother, who disappears too soon; the kindly, pompous Bishop, whose good intentions bring on mischief; the two boys, the two admirers who watch over the heroine and several women of whom there are mere glimpses. It is rather provoking that Mrs. Wright with such people to tell of should keep our eyes on the heroine's pitiful and hopeless fluttering against her cage. The end is abnegation and resignation, which is not comforting. The book is very interesting and will probably arouse much discussion.

Some New Fiction.

Many of the criminal stories that Mr. Melville Davisson Post has welded together together in "The Nameless Thing" (Appletons) are ingenious and exciting. They all turn on the discovery of the thing done through some very slight trace that the agent had overlooked. The connecting link, however, with the running discussion on each story by a company of three men, each with his decided philosophical view, is pretty tedious. After the first debate the reader knows precisely what each one of the three will believe and for the arguments he will care very little. The mystery which brings the men together is among the least entertaining in the book and loses by being dragged out as it is. The volume would have been far more attractive if it had been presented as a collection of short stories, which it really is.

The fiction part of "No Surrender" by Constance Elizabeth Maud (John Lane Company), incidents showing man's inhumanity to woman, is forcible and interesting. The main portion of the book, however, is a description of the campaign of the militant suffragettes in England, highly colored from the women's point of view. The violations of the law are presented as trivial, the usual consequences as tyrannical and brutal oppression. No doubt the women who actually took part in the proceedings were as enthusiastic and well meaning as their fictitious counterparts in this story. This, however, can only be regarded as a rather violent campaign document.

Various entertaining sea tales by Mr. Ralph D. Paine, together with some dealing with army incidents in foreign parts, are to be found in "The Judgments of the Sea" (Sturgis and Walton Company). Readable enough and pleasant stories, even if they are not as good as some things that the author has done in the past. He seems inclined to sacrifice the sea for the sake of melodrama.

A pretty love story on conventional lines has been written by Mr. John Oxenham in "The Queen of the Guarded Mounts" (John Lane Company). It involves a good deal of detailed topography of St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall and of all the coast to the Land's End and a briefer account of the country around Mont St. Michel, with much perfunctory history of revolutionists and Chouans. The heroine is charming, however, the Cornish people delightful, and the story holds the attention.

A poetical and charming beginning will engage the reader to keep on with "Rosemary for Remembrance," by Helen Sherman Griffith (Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia), a simple and pleasant love tale. The heroine and the hero are nice youngsters; there is a true touch in the father's yielding, so that we expect more of the author, if she can free herself from the mannerisms of juvenile fiction.

The ingenious and amusing beginning of "The Lovers of Sanna" by Mary Stewart Cutting (McBride, Nast and Company) will lead the reader to expect better things than he will get. The author cares more apparently for a strange and pedantic vocabulary than for the development of her story. This degenerates rapidly into a violent and unconventional flirtation, in which the heroine compromises herself with a recklessness that may startle even the modern young person, so that we cannot understand her hesitation in the presence of the philandering æsthete. Even the excessive brutality of her home life, which comes as an unprepared surprise, will hardly justify her queer actions.

Some reason there might be for the elaborate descriptions of the first things that strike the traveller in Paris in Mr. Stuart Henry's "The Nets" (Francis Griffiths, London), if the author did not represent his hero as a person already familiar with that city. The arrival of the passenger and his luggage, the hotel with its proprietor and his voluble cook, the dinner, an evening at a variety show, various ostensibly Bohemian incidents are described with wearisome minuteness. The hero's essay on Leconte de Lisle is reproduced in liberal quotations. The reader will hardly be surprised at his falling in love with the cashier of a Latin quarter hotel, who is blackmailed by the hero's college chum, an American rendered degenerate by a long stay in Paris. A whole chapter is devoted to a fat Frenchman's refusal to pay an overcharge. It is a dull chronicle of trivial matters that gives as false an impression of Paris and France as it does of life.

The prevailing fashion for the open road has infected Mr. Warwick Deeping, and in "Fox Farm" (Cassell and Company), he shows us what he can do in that line. His farmer is a dreamer and a shiftless fellow before the accident that deprives him of sight; the reader must feel some sympathy with his domineering wife. In spite of the sordid story of her faithlessness, which drives him away, there is little that is attractive in the man. He arranges for his divorce in a very businesslike way. There is sentiment in the loss of his dog and in the love of the young girl who clings to him, but it all sounds artificial. The only human being in the book is the practical farmer who wins the blind man's wife.

The story of a society girl who takes to the stage is told very effusively by Alice Gerstenberg in "Unquenched Fire" (Small, Maynard and Company). The reader may excuse the lack of sense with which she enters on her career, though in society she shows no lack of shrewdness; he will hardly pardon her betrayal of the man who helps her in the hour of need, apparently a sacrifice to the theory that illicit passion is required to rouse an actress to genius. The appearance of her name in an electric sign is the author's fitting apotheosis for a temperamental young woman.

Sensible Baseball Talk.

If the text of Christy Mathewson's "Pitching In a Pinch" has been written by that gentleman himself he is to be congratulated on having mastered English style. It is direct, straight from the shoulder and delightfully free from the remarkable dialect in which the national game is chronicled nowadays. The incidents of baseball life are all interesting and have point to them. The result is an extremely entertaining book which even the man who does not care for baseball can enjoy thoroughly.

Underground New York.

A careful description of all the existing means for transit below the surface in New York has been written by three competent authors in "The Subways and Tunnels of New York" (John Wiley and Sons, New York). These are Gilbert H. Gilbert, Lucius I. Wightman and W. L. Saunders. They give the history of each undertaking, describe the methods of construction and the cost, and make themselves clear to the layman, besides furnishing the technical details that professional men require. The book will be very valuable for reference, as it provides means of comparison for schemes that are now before the public or are projected for the future.

More Cambridge Manuals.

Five more volumes of the attractive series of "Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature" issued by the Cambridge University Press come to us from G. P. Putnam's. These are all on scientific subjects and all well written. Mr. T. A. Coward describes "The Migration of Birds" in an unusually entertaining manner; Dr. W. L. H. Duckworth repeats the story of "Prehistoric Man," which has taken a renewed interest from recent discoveries; Mr. Frank E. Bedard writes a thorough little monograph on "Earth Worms and Their Allies"; Mr. Alfred B. Searle describes "The Natural History of Clay," with particular reference to brick-making, and Mr. C. Edgar Allen tells the story of "The Modern Locomotive" so that the layman can understand him, though, of course, it is of British and European locomotives that he speaks. The series keeps up its high standard of merit. The little books are very attractive in form.

Other Books.

The anniversary of the King James version of the Bible was the occasion of a series of lectures by the Rev. Dr. Cleland B. McAfee before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. These are now printed in a volume entitled "The Greatest English Classic" (Harpers). It is a clear and very readable statement of the conditions under which that version was made, about the earlier translations and later revisions. The author also shows the influence the version has had on life and on literature. His comments on the morality of some authors that he uses as examples seem rather out of place in an otherwise helpful book.

A biography of the late Henry Demarest Lloyd, dealing fully with the various political matters in which he engaged and notably his socialistic work has been written, in two volumes, by his sister, Caro Lloyd (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

The "Chronique de l'An 1911," by M. Mermeix (Bernard Grasset, Paris), is devoted in large part to a relation of the negotiations regarding Morocco and the Congo, with much hitherto unpublished matter for the accuracy of which the author vouches. It has a value of its own in consequence. The suggestion that the publication should become an annual one is excellent, provided it is really made a chronicle of the year's happenings in France and not a selection of a few subjects chosen arbitrarily, as in this volume.

The efforts at reform of Mr. Samuel G. Blythe are presented entertainingly for general imitation in two small volumes, explained by their titles, "The Fun of Getting Thin," "Cut It Out; How to Get on the Water Wagon and Stay There." In both the author offers himself as the best example of the success of the methods he advocates.

Many suggestions about writing plays are given by Mr. William Archer, a dramatic critic of long experience, in "Play-Making, a Manual of Craftsmanship" (Small, Maynard and Company). He starts with the assertion "there are no rules for writing a play"; he gives his opinions, however, about many points and illustrates them with examples from a very wide repertory.

The series of "Cambridge County Geographies," of which "Northamptonshire," by M. W. Brown, is an example (Cambridge University Press; G. P. Putnam's Sons), contain much interesting information regarding the physical geography, the history and the antiquities of the districts they describe. The mechanical pattern according to which they are written seems to be well chosen, and as works of reference they are useful. We suspect, however, that they are designed to be used as school text books, in which case the youth of each county deserves sympathy for they will be crammed with facts that may make them detest their homes. The books do not appeal to the young. There are many good illustrations. The map is too small, a little ingenuity would have more than doubeld its scale within the space allotted to it.

Visitors to the Yosemite park who have botanical tastes will adc greatly to their pleasure if they take with them "A Yosemite Flora," by Harvey Monroe Hall and Carlotta Case Hall (Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco), a pretty little volume that slips easily into the pocket, which contains full descriptions of all the varied vegetable matter that grows in the Yosemite, from trees down to weeds and mosses. It is a well done bit of work, and the illustrations are excellent.

With the approach of summer comes a flood of little books intended to aid the amateur agriculturist. His efforts will be stimulated by two small illustrated books by Grace Tabor which explain the processes of "Making a Garden to Bloom this Year" and of "Making the Grounds Attractive with Shrubbery" (McBride, Nast and Company). If his dreams are of growing rich by raising chickens he will be aided by the directions in R. B. Sando's "Practical Poultry Keeping," and may fortify his discussions with his neighbors by quoting A. B. Wheeler's "Profitable Breeds of Poultry" (Outing Publishing Company). There is some help in the last pages of Williams Haynes's "Scottish and Irish Terriers," but the point of view is that of the breeder for shows and not that of the man who owns his one dog (Outing Publishing Company).

A brief account of "International Polo," the games played between England and America in the last fifteen years, has been put together by Mr. Arthur W. Coaten (S. B. Vaughan, London). It contains full records and is valuable for reference. There are many interesting pictures.

In "Cheap Turkey" (Duffield and Company), Mr. Ward Macauley reduces to absurdity the theory of abolishing the middleman. He uses rather sledge hammer methods but he makes his point clear.

The literature of bridge is enriched by a little book by Florence Irwin, "The Fine Points of Auction Bridge" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). It is intended for experts at the game and is strong in its advocacy of the "new court."

The baseball season is opened by an outpour of verse on the game by Mr. Edmund Vance Cooke, which he calls "Baseballogy" (Forbes and Company, Chicago). The verse is smooth, whether the baseball is orthodox or not.

Books Received.

"Operations on the Atlantic Coast." (The Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, Boston.)

"Banking Reform." Edited by J. Lawrence Laughlin. (The National Citizens League, Chicago.)

"Miscellanies." 2 vols. Augustus Hopkins Strong, D. D., LL.D. (The Griffith and Rowland Press, Philadelphia.)

"The Renascence of Faith." Richard Roberts. (Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"Life's Unexpected Issues." William L. Watkinson, D. D., LL.D. (Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"Pin Money Suggestions." Lilian W. Babcock. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"Working One's Way Through College and University." Calvin Dill Wilson. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.)

"The United States Beet Sugar Industry and the Tariff." Roy G. Blakey. (Columbia University; Longmans, Green and Company.)

"The Politics of Michigan 1865-1878." Harriet M. Dilla, Ph. D. (Columbia University; Longmans, Green and Company.)

"A Hoosier Village." Newell Leroy Sims. (Columbia University; Longmans, Green and Company.)

"An Encyclopedist of the Dark Ages. Isidore of Seville." Ernest Brehaut, Ph. D. (Columbia University; Longmans, Green and Company.)

"The Lighted Way." E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"Sharrow." Bettina von Hutten. (Appletons.)

"My Demon Motor Boat." George Fitch. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"A Candidate for Truth." J. D. Beresford. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"The White Ghost of Disaster." Capt. Mayn Clew Garnett. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

"Memory Corner." Tom Gallon. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

"Kindling." Charles Kenyon and Arthur Hornblow. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

"The Children of Alsace." René Bazin. (John Lane Company.)

"The Melting of Molly." Maria Thompson Daviess. (The Bobbs Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

"Yiddish Tales." Translated by Helena Frank. (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.)

"The Young Crusaders." George P. Atwater. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"The Philosophy of Chance." Henri Bergson. translated by H. Wildon Carr. (T. C. and E. C. Jack, The Dodge Publishing Company, New York.)

"False Modesty." E. B. Lowry, M. D. (Forbes and Company, Chicago.)

"The Handicraft Book." Anne L. Jessup and Annie E. Logue. (A. S. Barnes Company, New York.)

"The Scientific Dial Primer." A. Hallner. (Sunset Publishing House, San Francisco.)

"How to Make Old Orchards Profitable." Frank A. Bates. (The Hall Publishing Company, Boston.)

"First Principles of Algebra." H. E. Slaught, Ph. D., and N. J. Lennes, Ph. D. (Allyn and Bacon, Boston.)

"His Worldly Goods." Margaretta Tuttle. (The Bobbs Merrill Company.)

"Selected Addresses." James Burrill Angell. (Longmans, Green and Company.)

Jane Austen's Nephew.

From the London Globe.

A few days ago we recorded the unveiling of a memorial in the Pump Room at Bath to Jane Austen, and to-day the death of her grandnephew, the Rev. Charles Edward Knight, rector of Chawton, Hants, is announced. Mr. Knight was the grandson of Jane Austen's brother, who assumed the name of Knight on inheriting the estates of Chawton and Godmersham just a century ago.

The author of "Pride and Prejudice" for a time lived at Chawton House. The late rector, who was 66 years of age, was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and had held the family living for thirty-six years.

AUTHOR OF "MARY CARY" COMES QUIETLY TO TOWN

Kate Langley Bosher Is Modest for a Six Best Sellers Member.

HER MOTIVE IN WRITING

Wanted to Present a Child's View of Institutional Life When She Began.

Kate Langley Bosher, who sprang into the six best sellers list with her first two books, "Mary Cary" and "Miss Gibbie Gault," and who, incidentally, helped Richmond make its record last year when it contained four of the six authors of these same best sellers, has been in New York this week attending the national booksellers' meeting. For all her suddenly attested prowess Mrs. Bosher does not claim authorship as a profession, having written her books at odd moments and after most unconventional methods, and she laments that she cannot even look literary.

"At a reception some time ago," she said, telling a story on herself, "I was introduced to a woman, who looked me over and inquired:

"'Are you the Mrs. Bosher who writes?' I admitted that I was and hung my head.

"'Oh, you needn't feel badly about it,' she said. 'If you don't tell it, nobody would ever guess it from looking at you.'"

Mary Cary's creator is a little, bright eyed, soft voiced Southern woman, who cannot yet be made to realize that writing a best seller is rather an unusual achievement. When she first took her pencil in hand, some three or four years ago, she didn't even know that the result would surely find a publisher.

"I had always been too busy to think very seriously of writing," she said, "although I think I have always had an inborn feeling for it, as I have for suffrage. You know, I was never converted to suffrage; I was born a suffragist. When I wrote my graduation essay when I was 17 years old—and that is more years ago than I am going to tell you," she interpolated with a smile, "my subject was whether women's field for activities was going to remain so limited. I wrote a little for publication—for the *Outlook* and the *North American Review*.

"When I began 'Mary Cary' my idea was to present a child's view of institutional life. I had visited an orphan's home only once, but the impression I received was very strong. Mary Cary herself is my own little niece, her personality and many of her own sayings. So you see I can be amused when some of Mary Cary's sayings are being criticised as being unlikely or far fetched.

"I worked at the book during my leisure time, generally in the mornings, writing with pen or pencil—most unprofessionally, I fear. When it was all finished I had learned to love my little creation very much and hated to send her out into an uncertain world. Of course I was pleased with the kindness of her reception, although to me the fact that the book got on the lists of best sellers for several months does not count for so much as the fact that the message seemed to reach so many individual hearts. This last I know from the letters I have received from all over the world.

"Then came the demand for more of Mary Cary, for her to 'grow up.' I didn't want her to grow up; but at last I started her in on the process for 'Miss Gibbie Gault,' which many people like better than the first book. Did you know there was a real Miss Gibbie Gault? There was—with her name spelled without the u, but she died so long ago that I thought no one would remember her and identify her. But I was mistaken. It seems that nothing is too far removed for identification when one puts it in a book. I have been kept busy by people who do remember explaining my character and her relation to the original.

"I don't know how most writers work, but I felt quite professional when I was writing the second book. For I wrote it chapter by chapter and sent each one when finished to the Harpers and never saw any of them until they came back united into a whole book. Anyway, I never work by a preconceived, detailed plan. After I get the general idea of what I am going to write about it seems to work itself out and the story to write itself out. I never can tell beforehand exactly what is going to happen or how."

Mrs. Bosher is not at present engaged on any book, having only just published her third, "The Man in Lonely Land," which was issued by the Harpers last month and which deals with the point that material success of any degree comes to nothing if there is no one to share it sympathetically. She has had remarkable success for an author of such short standing and this summer she is going to rest on her laurels a bit and spend the time in Europe, resting and travelling. Already she has closed her home in Richmond and while staying at the house of a friend she the other day received another shock to her literary vanity.

The little daughter of the house was being remonstrated with.

"You shouldn't speak so loudly," said her mother. "Mrs. Bosher doesn't speak loudly."

"Of course she doesn't," replied the little one. "Book agents mustn't talk loud."

Browning's London Home.

From the London Chronicle.

Pious Browning lovers who desire at the centenary time to make pilgrimage to London shrines will find few. One of the most interesting, perhaps, is to Warwick crescent, where The Ring and the Book and many of the later poems were written. Browning took the house on his return to England after the death of Mrs. Browning, and remained there for twenty-five years.

The place, as he declared, has a charm of its own, an element of the unusual absent to most London houses, for it faces the Grand Junction Canal just at the point where it widens into a miniature lake with a tree clad islet in the centre. Just beyond No. 19, too, a bridge spans the canal, to which, as Browning used to tell the story, Byron once dragged the reluctant John Murray to show him the spot where a publisher had drowned himself.

A Belgian Library Scheme.

From the University Correspondent.

Enterprising little Belgium, long celebrated for its thrift, has evolved a new scheme by which this national virtue is to be linked to the pursuit of literature. A State Library, to begin at 10,000 volumes, is being set up in Brussels, and all those who have money in the savings banks are entitled to borrow from it any book they like upon checking a penny off their savings bank books at the nearest post office.

The volume borrowed will be sent free by post and may be kept for a month, the borrower's deposit. As Belgium has 1,500 post offices, this scheme will virtually create a circulating library of 1,500 branches.